NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRON.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY. IRON WORKERS AND TOOL MAKERS. By SAMUEL SMILES. 12mo. pp. 410. Ticknor & Fields.

The history of Iron as the basis of modern industry is recorded in this interesting volume. In connection with copious biographical details concerning the lives of the principal iron-workers for the last two centuries, it presents a complete view of the progress of invention, and the relation of mechanical art to the improvement of civilized society.

The Roman colonists were the first makers of iron in Britain on a scale of any magnitude. They availed themselves of the mineral riches of the country wherever they went, exploring the mines and quarries, and carrying on the smelting and manufacture of metals in nearly all parts of the island. But their principal iron manufactures were in quarters most conveniently situated for transportation, especially in the southern counties and on the borders of Wales. The smith was a person of the highest consideration in the Anglo-Saxon times. His trade led him into the closest connection with war, which was then the principal pursuit of the people. He made the gavelocks, bills, and battle-axes which were such potent weapons at that day; he tipped the arrows of the bowmen and furnished spear-heads for the men-at-arms; he forged the coats of mail and cuirasses of the chiefs; and welded the swords on the temper of which the fortune of battle depended. His person was protected by a double penalty. He was treated as an officer of the highest rank, was awarded the first place in precedency, sitting in the great hall with the king and queen, next to the domestic chaplain, and was entitled to "a draught of every kind of liquor that was brought into the hall."

The most extraordinary powers were attributed to the weapon of steel when first invented. Its sharpness seemed so marvelous when compared with one of bronze that it could be accounted for by nothing but magic. The traditions of fairy tales illustrate its magical properties. The weapon of bronze was dull, but that of steel was bright—the "white sword of light"—one touch of which destroyed the force of spells, liberated enchanted princesses, and froze the marrow of giants. King Arthur's magic sword "Excalibur" was regarded as heroic in the romance of chivalry.

But the importance of the smith was no less distinctly recognized in the ordinary affairs of rural and industrial life. He was a nail-maker, and a horse-shoer—forged axes, chisels, saws and hammers for the artisan, spades and hoes for the farmer, bolts and fastenings for the castle gates of the lord, and chains for his draw-bridge. In remote places, he was often the sole mechanic of his district. Beside being a tool-maker, a farrier, and agricultural implement-maker, he doctored cattle, drew teeth, practiced phlebotomy, and sometimes officiated as parish clerk and general newsmonger. His tools were of many sorts, but the chief were his hammer, pincer, chisel, tongs, and anvil. In the finer branches of his trade, he was far superior to the modern workman; for the mediæval smith was an artist as well as a mechanic. Many exquisite specimens of his handicraft are still admired in old gateways, church doors, and altar railings. Beside this, he was an engineer. If a road had to be made, or a stream embanked, or a trench dug, he was invariably called upon to provide the tools, and often to direct the work.

In course of time, the smiths of particular districts began to distinguish themselves for their excellence in special branches of iron-work. Instead of being merely the retainers of some lordly or religious establishment, they worked to supply the general demand, and gradually became manufacturers. Thus the makers of swords, tools, bits, and nails congregated at Birmingham, and the makers of knives and arrow-heads at Sheffield. Chaucer speaks of the Miller of Trompington as provided with a Sheffield whittle. The common English arrow-heads manufactured at Sheffield were long celebrated for their excellent temper, as Sheffield iron and steel plates are now.

The working in iron was carried on to a very considerable extent in the middle ages by the monks, some of whom were excellent craftsmen. Thus St. Dunstan, who governed England in the time of Edwy the Fair, was a skilled blacksmith and metallurgist. He is said even to have had a forge in his bedroom, where occurred his celebrated encounter with Satan. Another monk called Anketil who flourished in the twelfth century was so famous for his skill as a worker in iron, silver, gold, jewelry, and gilding, that he was invited by the king of Denmark to be his goldsmith and banker. The abbots of monasteries situated in the iron districts, among their other labors, devoted themselves to the manufacture of iron from the ore. They were well acquainted with the art of forging, and early turned to account the wealth of the mineral districts.

The severe legislative restrictions upon the use of wood in iron smelting had the effect of almost destroying the manufacture. New furnaces ceased to be erected and many of the old ones were allowed to fall into decay. It began to be feared that this important branch of industry would become completely lost. But the use of iron could not be dispensed with. At length, attention was directed to some other description of fuel which should take the place of the prohibited article. There was an abundance of coal in certain counties, and some daring speculators finally proposed it as a substitute for the charcoal fuel made from wood. But the same popular prejudice which existed against the use of coal for domestic purposes, prevented its employment for purposes of manufacture. The project of smelting iron by means of pit-coal was thought to be absurd. It was deemed impossible by the old manufacturers to reduce the ore in any other way than by the use of charcoal. Not until the wood in the vicinity of the iron-works had been almost entirely burnt up, were the manufacturers driven to entertain the idea of using coal as a substitute; and after all, it took more than a hundred years before the practice of smelting iron by its means became general. The first person who received a patent for the purpose was one Simon Sturtevant, a German skilled in mining operations. This was in the early part of the seventeenth century, and as was usual in those days, the subject was treated by him as a great mystery. His process failed when tried on a large scale, and at the end of a year his patent was canceled. After several further attempts by different projectors, a patent was taken out in 1620 by Lord Dudley at the instance of his son Dud Dudley, whose career as an inventor was marked by many interesting incidents.

This person was the natural son of Lord Dudley, and at an early age was accustomed to take great delight in his father's iron works, where he obtained considerable knowledge of the various processes of the manufacture. The town of Dudley, in which the works were situated, was already a center of the iron manufacture, though chiefly of small wares, such as nails, horse-shoes, keys, locks, and common agricultural tools. About twenty thousand smiths and workers in iron of various kinds lived within a circuit of ten miles from Dudley Castle. The production of iron had suffered great diminution from the want of fuel in the district, "though formerly a mighty woodland country." Yet there was an abundance of coal in the neighborhood, in some places lying in seams ten feet thick. Young Dudley was a special favorite with the Earl his father, who encouraged his speculations in regard to the improvement of the iron manufacture, and sent for him while studying at Oxford, in 1619, to take charge of an iron furnace and two forges. He was no sooner installed as manager of the works, than, suffering for the want of wood for fuel, he turned his attention to the employment of pit-coal as a substitute. He altered his furnace so as to adapt it to the new process, and was not a little encouraged by the result of the first trial. His subsequent experiments confirmed the success of the operation; he erected other works; and the product, after its qualities had been fairly tested, was pronounced "good merchantable iron." He had thus apparently entered the high road of prosperity, when he was overtaken by a series of calamitous reverses, which put a stop to the progress of his enterprise. A flood swept away his principal works. The whole town was so deep in water that the people were scarcely able to save their lives in the uppermost rooms of their houses. Dudley himself received little sympathy for his losses. The iron smelters of the district rejoiced in the destruction of his property. He had been able to undersell them in turning out good iron by his patent process, and this was an injury which they could not forgive. They circulated all sorts of rumors about the quality of his iron. It was not fit to be used. No iron could be good which was smelted with coal instead of wood. The new process was a dangerous innovation, and could only result in some great public calamity. The ironmasters even appealed to the King to put a stop to Dudley's manufacture, on the ground that his iron was not merchantable. When his works were swept away by the flood, their joy knew no bounds, and they hoped that the new-fangled process was crushed forever.

But Dud Dudley was not to be put down so easily. He at once went to work and repaired his furnaces and forges, though at great cost; and in a short time the manufacture was again in full progress. The ironmasters now raised a fresh outcry against him, and once more addressed a strong memorial to the King. This seems to have had some effect. Dud was commanded to send up to the Tower of London, with all possible speed, quantities of all sorts of the bar iron made by him, in order to be tested on a large scale. He accordingly furnished ample specimens of his manufacture, "fit for the making of muskets, carbines, and iron for great bolts for shipping." They were subjected to the most stringent tests, which they passed through triumphantly. His enemies were thus silenced for the time, but they could not rest. They next endeavored to get his patent included in the monopolies which were to be abolished by statute; but without success. After this time, Dudley "went on with his invention cheerfully, and made annually great store of iron, good and merchantable, and sold it unto divers men at twelve pounds per tun." "I also," said he, "made all sorts of cast-iron wares, as brewing-cisterns, pots, mortars, and so forth, better and cheaper than any yet made in these nations with charcoal, some of which are yet to be seen by any man (at the author's house in the city of Worcester) that desires to be satisfied of the truth of the invention."

In spite of his success, Dudley met with nothing but trouble and misfortune. The iron-masters combined to resist his invention. They vexed him with lawsuits. They instigated mobs to destroy his works. They succeeded in embarrassing his affairs, so that he became over head and ears in debt. He was at length seized by his creditors and detained as a prisoner in London for several thousand pounds. The charcoal-iron men thus gained possession of the field.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war, Dud with his father took sides with Charles I. He was present in several important battles, and bore his part like a valiant soldier. At the close of his military career, he found himself without a penny. His estate had been sequestered and sold by Parliament. His house in Worcester had been seized, his invalid wife turned out of doors, and his goods, stock, and iron-works destroyed. Upon the Restoration, he applied to the King for the renewal of his patent, and for compensation on account of the losses he had sustained during the civil wars. But he failed of success, gradually passed out of sight, and died in 1684, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

Dudley's invention of smelting iron with pit-coal was evidently born before its time. When its author died, his secret, whatever it might be, died with him. He was never able to make on an average more than five tuns a week. Nor was the iron so good as that made by charcoal. It was especially liable to damage by the sulphureous fumes of the coal in the process of manufacture. As the demand for iron increased with the population of the country, and the supply of timber for fuel diminished from year to year, England was compelled to rely more and more on foreign countries for its manufactured iron. The produce of English iron continued steadily to decline; the number of furnaces rapidly dwindled; and by the middle of the eighteenth century the home manufacture had so much fallen off that the total production of Great Britain was not more than 18,000 tuns a year.

As the remaining iron masters became straitened for want of wood, they were compelled to resort to cinders and coke made from coal as a substitute. At length we arrive at a period, comparatively recent, when coal seems to have come into general use both in smelting the ore and manufacturing the metal. This was probably about the year 1757, when coal was first adopted on a large scale in the Coalbrookdale iron-works under the charge of Richard Reynolds. A most important step was thus taken in the development of modern industry. The increasing demand for iron gave an impetus to coal-mining, which, in its turn, stimulated inventors in their improvements of the steam-engine. When the inventions by Watt had been perfected, enabling powerful blowing-apparatus to be worked by its agency, the production of iron by means of pit-coal was rendered cheap and expeditious, and thus soon became enormously increased.

The introduction of cast-steel into the iron manufactures of Great-Britain forms another conspicuous epoch in industrial progress. The invention of this article is due to Benjamin Huntsman, a resident of Attercliffe, near Sheffield, and a remarkable man in his day, though now almost forgotten. He was born in 1704, and at an early age, gave proofs of uncommon mechanical talent. He set up in business as a clock-maker, in which he introduced several improved tools, but was much embarrassed by the inferior quality of the metal supplied to him, which was common German steel. This led him to turn his attention to the making of a better kind of steel for the purposes of his trade. His experiments extended over many years before the desired results were obtained. At last his perseverance was rewarded by complete success. Although a hundred years have passed since his discovery, the principal elements of the process are similar to those in use at the present day.

After perfecting his invention, Huntsman naturally wished to apply the new method to other purposes than the manufacture of clock-springs and pendulums. We accordingly find him early endeavoring to persuade the cutlers of Sheffield to employ it in the manufacture of knives and razors. But they refused to work a metal so much harder than that which they had been accustomed to use. For a time, he gave up all hopes of creating a demand in that quarter, and turned his attention to foreign markets. He soon found that he could readily sell abroad all that he could make. The French were quick to perceive the advantages of the new discovery, and for several years the whole of the cast-steel that Huntsman could manufacture was exported to France. The Sheffield cutlers now became alarmed at the reputation which cast-steel had acquired abroad, and attempted to influence the Government to prohibit the exportation. Failing in this, they were under the necessity of using the article in order to retain their trade in cutlery against French competition. They now endeavored to wrest from Huntsman the secret of the process. He had taken out no patent for the invention, and trusted for protection to making it as much a mystery as possible. All his workmen were pledged to inviolable secrecy; no strangers were permitted to enter the works; the whole of the steel made was melted during the night. There were many speculations abroad as to his process. It was believed by many that his secret consisted in the flux which he employed to make the metal melt more readily; and it leaked out among the workmen that he made use of broken bottles for the purpose. Some of the manufacturers, who by prying and bribing got an inkling of the process, followed Huntsman implicitly in this respect, but would not allow their own workmen to flux the pots, lest they also should obtain possession of the secret. But it finally turned out that no such flux was necessary. The first person who succeeded in copying Huntsman's process is said to have been an iron-master named Walker, who disguised himself as a tramp, and feigning great poverty and distress, appeared shivering late one night at the door of the foundery, as the workmen were about to begin their labors at steel-casting, and asked leave to warm himself at the furnace fire. The traditional story has all the colors of a romance. "One cold Winter's night, while the snow was falling in heavy flakes, and the manufactory threw its red glare of light over the neighborhood, a person of the most abject appearance presented himself at the entrance, praying for permission to share the warmth and shelter which it afforded. The humane workmen found the appeal irresistible, and the apparent beggar was permitted to take up his quarters in a warm corner of the building. A careful scrutiny would have discovered little real sleep in the drowsiness which seemed to overtake the stranger; for he eagerly watched every movement of the workmen while they went through the operations of the newly discovered process. He observed, first of all, that bars of blistered steel were broken into small pieces, two or three inches in length, and placed in crucibles of fire clay. When nearly full, a little green glass broken into small fragments was spread over the top, and the whole covered over with a closely fitting cover. The crucibles were then placed in a furnace previously prepared for them; and after a lapse of from three to four hours, during which the crucibles were examined from time to time to see that the metal was thoroughly melted and incorporated, the workmen proceeded to lift the crucible from its place on the furnace by means of tongs, and its molten contents, blazing, sparkling, and spurting, were poured into a mould of cast-iron previously prepared: here it was suffered to cool, while the crucibles [illegible] and the process repeated. When cool, the mould was unscrewed, and a bar of cast-steel presented itself, which only required the aid of the hammerman to form a finished bar of cast-steel. How the unauthorized spectator of these operations effected his escape without detection tradition does not say; but it tells us that, before many months had passed, the Huntsman manufactory was not the only one where cast-steel was produced."

Such are some of the steps by which Iron has been raised to the position which it holds as an integral element of modern civilization. The progress is detailed at full length, and in a very interesting manner, in the present instructive volume. One fact may be alluded to in concluding this article which illustrates the rapidity and comprehensiveness of the movement. It is just twenty-five years since the first iron house was constructed in England by Mr. Fairbairn, for the use of the Seraskier of the Turkish army at Constantinople. Since that time iron structures of all kinds have multiplied to an astonishing extent. We have iron light-houses, iron-and-crystal palaces, iron churches, iron bridges, iron vessels-of-war. We now use iron roofs, iron bedsteads, iron ropes, iron fences, iron pavement. The age of chivalry has past, and the Age of Iron has come.

A POPULAR HAND-BOOK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By GEORGE CUMMING MCWHORTER. 12mo. pp. 295. Harper & Brothers.

In preparing this work, the author has not had reference to the wants of the professed theologian, although it is founded to some extent on the results of modern theological learning. He has, on the contrary, endeavored to adapt it to the use of those who are not in a condition to consult original authorities, and who wish for a plain and practical guide to the knowledge of the New Testament. In his views of inspiration, Mr. McWhorter dissents from the verbal theory, which maintains "that every word is inspired, or that the writers were but mouth-pieces of the Holy Spirit," or, as it is rather forcibly stated by Tregelles, "that the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments are verbally the Word of God as absolutely as were the Ten Commandments written by the finger of God upon the two tables of stone." He also calls in question the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and inclines to agree with Dean Alford that it was probably written by Apollos. In most other respects, the teachings of the volume are in accordance with the usual standards of orthodoxy, and show no disposition toward the theological views of the so-called liberal schools of the present day.

NANCY BLAKE LETTERS TO A WESTERN COUSIN. 12mo. pp. 36. Sinclair Tousey.

Miss Nancy Blake purports to be a verdant young damsel from the West who gossips with a country cousin about her wonderful experiences on visiting her relations in Gotham for the first time. She tells her story in jingling, jolly verse, and gets off not a few spicy jokes on the fashions and follies of the city. Her keenest hits are directed against the wealthy upstarts who have made money by the war, and turned all sorts of execrable shoddy into gold and diamonds. As an apt comment on the times, her satire is well laid on, and the blood often follows the blow.

THE FRACTIONAL FAMILY, BEING THE FIRST PART OF SPIRIT-MATHEMATICS-MATTER. By ARTHUR YOUNG. 8vo. pp. 141. Walter Low.

Mr. Arthur Young is well known to the advocates of associated industry both in this country and in Europe as an ardent and devoted friend of the cause. His labors in behalf of the realization of the "combined order" have seldom been equaled in disinterestedness and zeal by those of any philanthropist. The present volume is intended as a contribution to the philosophy of human destiny, showing the correspondence between the essential affections of the soul, and the fundamental principles of the universe. In setting forth the leading ideas of his system, Mr. Young borrows his most important illustrations from the science of mathematics, believing that the harmony of the social and industrial order is determined by numerical and geometrical laws. He has made no attempt to give a popular elucidation of his theories, but readers who delight in the discussion of abstruse subjects in an abstruse manner will here find an ample field for the exercise of their faculties.

VIER AMERIKANISCHE GEDICHTE, UEBERSETZT VON THEODOR EBEN. FOUR AMERICAN POEMS, TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY CHARLES THEODORE EBEN. 18mo. pp. 51. Frederick Leypoldt.

The first three poems in this little tractate are "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Lenore," by Edgar Poe. The rhythm and phraseology of those pieces are so peculiar that no skill in versification would suffice to transfer them to a foreign language. It is no disgrace to the present translator that he has failed in an experiment that could scarcely have been successful in any hands. The manner in which he has rendered some of the most characteristic passages is sufficiently curious, but will furnish the German reader with no idea of the spirit and ring of the original. For instance,

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden—
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

is translated as follows:

"Künde mir, ob ich Lenoren
Die hienieden ich verloren,
Wieder find' an Edens Thoren
Sie, die thront im Himmel hehr—
Jene Sel'ge, die Lenoren
Nennt der Engel heilig Heer."
Sprache der Rabe, "Nimmermehr."

Literally: "Tell me, whether I shall again find at the gates of Eden, Lenore, whom I have lost here below; her who is high enthroned in Heaven, the blessed one, whom the angels' holy host name Lenore. Spake the Raven, 'Nevermore,'"—which, we submit, may be German, but is doubtful poetry, and certainly not Poe.

Again:

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

"Hört die Schlittenglöckchen hell—
Silberhell!
Welch' unendlich frohe Lust verkündet ihr Geschell!
Wie sie bimmeln, bimmeln, bimmeln,
In der eisig kalten Nacht!
Während an den fernen Himmeln
Auf und ab die Sterne wimmeln
Funkelnd in krystall'ner Pracht;
Schwirrend sacht, sacht, sacht,
Bei dem Zaubertakt der Nacht
Zu dem musikalisch süssen, freudebringenden Geschell,
Das so hell, hell, hell, hell,
Hell, hell, hell—
Zu dem Wimmeln und dem Bimmeln silberhell."

Literally: "Hear the sleigh-bells clear, silver clear, what infinite glad joy their sound announces! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy cold night! While in the distant heavens the stars twinkle up and down, sparkling in crystalline pomp, whirring soft, soft, soft, in the night's magic measure, to the musically sweet, joy-bringing sound, which so clear, clear, clear, clear, clear, clear, clear,—to the twinkling and the tinkling silver clear."

We have by no means a strenuous faith that it would be easy to give a better version than the above, but such a unique production as the original should remain untouched rather than be set forth in travesty or caricature. The translation of Mr. Lowell's "Rose" which closes the collection is more successful.

THE CHRONICLES OF A GARDEN; ITS PETS AND ITS PLEASURES. By the late Miss HENRIETTA WILSON. 12mo. pp. 176. Robert Carter & Brothers.

The authoress of this delightful volume was a neice of the celebrated Professor Wilson (Christopher North) and for several years resided under the same roof with him in the house of her grandmother in Edinburgh. She subsequently found a home with another uncle, whose house was in a pleasant suburb of the city, and whose garden was the center of every variety of rural charm. She shared with her kind-hearted relative his attachment to plants and animals, together with a great admiration of Wordsworth, and such other poets as wrote from a genuine sympathy with nature. The present little volume contains the record of her experience in the care of the garden, and combines the interest of an agreeable narrative with great beauty and simplicity of expression.

Literary.

J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have in press, to be published shortly, a new story by the author of "The Lamplighter." Sampson, Low & Co. will publish it in London simultaneously.

"Cudjo's Cave" is to be republished in London.

Books Received.

General Grant and His Campaigns. By Julian K. Larke. 12mo. pp. 473. J. C. Derby & N. C. Miller.

Arnold & André. An Historical Drama. By George H. Calvert. 12mo. pp. 95. Little, Brown, & Co.

Ordnance Instructions for the United States Navy. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 290. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Worth and Wealth: Or, Jessie Dorr. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. 12 mo. pp. 263. Boston: Graves & Young. New-York: Sheldon & Co.

Industrial Biography: Iron-Works and Tool Makers. By Samuel Smiles. 12mo. pp. 410. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New-York: Sheldon & Co.

Counsel and Comfort: Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 12mo. pp. 311. The Same.

A Woman's Ransom. By Frederick William Robinson. 12mo. pp. 412. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

A Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery. By John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D. 12mo. pp. 376. W. I. Pooley & Co.

Macpherson, the Great Confederate Philosopher and Southern Blower. By Alfred C. Hills. 12mo. pp. 209. James Miller.

The English House of Commons.

A brother editor in a neighboring city, formerly a reporter in Parliament, obliges us with the following corrections of some blunders contained in one of our late London letters treating of Parliament, viz:

1. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons (Lord C. J. Fox Russell, brother of Earl Russell) does not wear *yellow* "buckskin tights"—the nether costume of a fox-hunter—but decent *black* breeches.

2. "On Palmerston's right sat Earl Grey." Now, this is a scene in the House of *Commons*, and Earl Grey, a peer, sits in the House of *Lords*, and has no more right to sit next Palmerston, a House-of-Commons man, than Fernando Wood has. Earl Grey's cousin, Sir George Grey, Home Secretary, *does* sit in the Commons, and may be the man meant.

3. "It is a curious fact that out of the 600 members of the House, not more than 300 ever see the inside of that House." There are 656, not 600 members. Over 600 are sometimes present. In June, 1859, the majority of 13 which defeated the Derby Ministry was made up of 323 and 310 votes; there were two tellers to each side, and the Speaker—total, 638 members present.

4. "They may spend a year in America or China, and retain membership." No member can be absent from home without special leave of the House, and on a good excuse. This, for two reasons: First, all members under 60 are liable to be drawn as Committee men, who have to sit all day from 11 to 4, and then comes the evening session, and, if drawn, the man *must* serve. Next, if there is a call of the House, every member must answer to his name, and the Sergeant-at-Arms would be obliged to follow, find, take into custody, and bring bodily before the House each missing member—costs of travel, subsistence, and official fees to be paid by the member who does not obey the call of the House.

5. "Bulwer, a little grasshopper of a man." Grasshoppers are possibly very large in the place which produced the writer of the above words. Bulwer is at least 5 feet 10½ inches high, and, being slight, looks taller.

SPRING FASHIONS OF 1864.

After the long carnival of gayety, Lent has seemed not so much a wholesome correction of its extravaganzas to bring busy Gotham to her old-time soberness and decorum, as a brief period of quiet, in which by canonical rest from rout she has renewed her strength, to return with fresh impetus to her folly and her fun.

Else how explain the sudden blossoming forth of the coming Easter Day, after forty days of sackcloth and ashes—the pæans of light bonnets and resplendent dyes close upon the dirges of penitence and self-abhorrence! As these human tulips light up the devotional dimness of fashionable chapels, or sweep along with haughty consciousness our metropolitan parterres, what a subject of query to the metaphysical-critical *flaneur*, the when and where and how and who of these wonderful compositions of attire, like Solomon in all his glory.

Is it, then, possible that there are multitudes who "keep" these days of humiliation in busy preparation for this one day of triumph?

There must ever be an extraordinary interest for all female Christendom incident to *Spring* fashions as the first grand symphony of the millinery year, which in each after season is only reproduced in new combinations and with monotonous repetition. The "whole strength and talent of the company" is herein expended in one great culminating effort, which, rehearsed on Opening Day, receives the bouquets and bravos of good society at Easter.

It is not difficult to appreciate the effect produced upon the popular fashions of the day by that new class of patrons born of civil war, who in the vulgar exultation of the *premier pas* into the enchanted land of Luxury, commit those dreadful outrages upon harmony and appropriateness inevitable to the display of mere money. While our streets and hotels are thronged with New People, the general tone of polite costume necessarily becomes vitiated; unprincipled shopkeepers minister to and encourage this flaunting extravagance to their own profit, the *demi-monde* eagerly copies, and all become contaminated except the choice few whose taste and associations and good breeding are absolutely incorruptible.

Folly's First Lady of France, so unwearied a devotee to dress, has much to answer for of the sinning against simplicity so prevalent among her sisters of all nations who emulate her example, especially among the women of our own land. Still, as to the infinitude of styles and stuffs made fashionable by the fair Eugenie's adoption, suffer us to suggest to our Flora McFlimseys that these are offered for *selection* and individual adaptation, not for awkward and indiscriminate conjunction. But we forget that it is not ours to dictate or even recommend what should be worn; so much as to say what is and will be worn, so adieu to dissertation.

First in the catalogue comes the bonnet, which in all times having suffered most modification, has of late been let down gradually from the sky-scraper of a few seasons ago to the quite tasteful and becoming shape presented us this Spring. It is much smaller, fits the head, closely surrounding the face, leaving space only for moderate ornamentation over the brows. The Parisian milliners, in many cases, have exaggerated this, until it has become simply a diadem-shaped head-dress, suitable only for carriage wear, but the exposure of American promenade demands a more efficient aid and shade to beauty.

To the Bonnet each national kingdom has paid tribute of her best. Flora throws garlands of never-fading beauty, glittering with dew-drops that no noon-day sun can absorb; Pomona, her fruits and berries of every season, in an inexhaustible cornucopia; Ceres, all those yellow harvest-grains which in gold and lawn, and even glass, have always commanded popularity—she, too, contributes those graceful grasses so beautiful on Summer bonnets of tulle, as light and fleecy as Summer clouds; Neptune's Nereids give up their corals and their shells fragile as the sea-foam, all opal-tinted, and murmuring love-songs Leander might have taught them. The air, too, lends her winged wonders; birds, forgetting their airy flights of greenwood oaks, brood in nests of filmy gauze on no more ambitious eminence than pretty heads full of pretty nothings, while snakes, [illegible] snails, make "happy families" in among lace lichens, silken shades and *spun-glass* meshes; Feathers with charming novelty, dusted with mother-of-pearl, form no unimportant feature in the decorations for the heated term. A few years ago these were as despotically restricted to Winter costume as their accompanying furs; now they have "all seasons for their own," and lie motionless in the sultry calms of July, as if never tossed and torn by a January bluster. While these combined forces declare that the Bonnet is and shall be Queen, who can compel her to abdicate in favor of the Hat—bold Pretender for her royal seat!

Straw bonnets, especially the fine split and delicate Tuscan braids, are announced for the selection of those so true to their modest attractions as to be able stoically to disregard the delirious vagaries in silk and lace of our imaginative milliners. Beside white and black, straws are to be obtained as a complement to traveling or negligé walking dress, in various neutral tints, the entire family of *cuir* colors, *café au lait*, Quakerish grays, and delicate *modes*: their trimming, beside the naturally suggested contrast of bright tints and relieving shades, consists of plaid, exhibited in ribbons, bias velvet or plush, the tipping of self-colored plumes, and especially plaid chenille fringe, which, intermixed with beads, are the most striking of this Spring's novelties. Useful and sensible bonnets are those of shirred silk; the silk may be either plain or of a tiny checked pattern. Horse-hair, or *crins*, as they are called, are also in favor, and, from their durability, are admirably suited for traveling wear.

To attempt to describe a "dress" bonnet would be, indeed, "to break a butterfly upon a wheel," with only the sad dissatisfaction at the conclusion that we had despoiled it of its down-dust, and tarnished all its gorgeous tints. Let us be content to record the perfection of art displayed in the exquisite flowers so profusely employed in their creation, and especially their matchless combinations, for their juxtaposition is not abandoned to the tastelessness of, it may be, some inexperienced bungler at her trade, but they are imported in montures whose faultless arrangement challenges admiration, and defies even a suggestion of alteration.

The present may be regarded as the final success on the part of the bonnet proper in supplanting the innovating hat which has threatened to require matronly dignity to bow to the head gear of school girls, and after an absurd manner to verify the autocratic assertion of Woman's Expounder—Michelet: "As for *old* women, I have entirely suppressed them!"

This same hat may be regarded indeed as an upstart parvenu, a good enough thing in its place, but to be frowned down when it would usurp positions for which it is unfitted: coquettish, picturesque, and natural in style and adaptation as it truly is, it belongs rather to the domain of out-door exercise than the charmed circle where full visiting and promenade toilette is welcomed. In Central Park sirings, seaside saunterings, country rambles, and equestrian costume, it is indispensable, beside being the natural head-dress of children, to whom full toilette is a torture that should be spared the innocents. There are many shapes not, however, differing essentially from those of last year; they comprise all the gradations from the skull-cap jockey to the sloping, graceful brim of the Di Vernon style—the first useless as a shade to the eyes and face, and thus defeating the primal intention of all head-covering. Montures of field flowers, poppies, blades of wheat, oats, hops, corn flowers, corn silk, and star grass, berries, heather, and

"Daisies pied and violets blue,
And Lady-smocks all silver white,"

with "pale daffodils that come before the swallow dares," and if they do not "take the winds of March with beauty," yet timidly display their charms beneath the rays of the soft April sun. Added to these appropriate decorations, a great number of jet, steel, pearl, crystal and straw ornaments, are in high favor, and these are used in conjunction with plaid velvet and feathers, which last are the most stylish and suitable for young ladies past recognized childhood. Vails, which, with the full glory of a faultless dress-bonnet, are too frequently dispensed with, as marring the success of that darling creation, must be insisted upon as a part of the hat, necessary not only as a protection, but serving to modify a certain air of "fastness," too pronounced to be ladylike.

In dress goods the public choice continues to indorse the decision of good taste: all outré figures or loud colors are banished from society, while plain, exquisite shades, delicate stripes, and almost invisible checks, with some few small sprigged patterns, are the styles in greatest demand. The advantage of these is at once perceived when one considers their adaptation to the lavish but usually tasteful adornment to which each dress must be subjected. Plain alpacas for Spring negligé wear, French poplins for more stylish costume, durable foulards for utility dresses, mozambiques and the general number of hybrid manufactures which are mere modifications of these materials, are among the fresh imports.

Chief among all in the affections of Metropolitan McFlimseydom stand silks. The very word glistens and gleams and rustles as we write it, and in no other fabric does a luxury-loving lady feel, as she expresses it, "dressed." No other nation is so prodigal in its demand for the product of the mulberry-leaf-fed worm, for the silk craving is not restricted to the class who "fare sumptuously every day," but extends to the thrifty mechanic's wife, the industrious shop-girl, the sewing-machine workers, and even the Biddies, who spoil our puddings and waste our coals in their kitchen kingdoms, sweep by us in flaunting and flimsy silks on their "Sundays out." The Spring silks rival those used in Winter costume in their superb quality, though the tints have grown lighter as a response to spring-time fitness. Pattern robes are not so much imported as formerly, and when found simulate some popular style of trimming, imitating lace insertings over white silk ribbons, lace leaves, barbes, or bouquets; upon others are applied bands of a contrasting hue embossed with superb braiding designs. Skirts are made long and very full; those of heavy material should be gored, at least at the sides, to hang gracefully, this amplitude, being ordered for drawing-room and carriage wear, therefore, is by many women adopted to be trailed over dusty sidewalks with an apparent recklessness of their value anything but attractive to sensible beholders.

On the other side of the water, silks except black or some dark, serviceable color, are seldom worn for street dress by ladies of ton, and if love of display in our land overrules good taste and sense, demanding the sidewalk's sunshine for their glancing sheen, they may be advantageously shown gracefully secured from defilement by the use of a dress elevator.

The "animated nature" page in dress patterns has been turned over by Fashion's students, life-sized birds and bugs no longer writhe in printed impalement over silk or cotton ground work: conchology offers her shells to be sure, and science tiny geometrical problems, to dot their surfaces, and beyond these are found silks of bright solid hues with black and gray stripes apparently secured by silver, gold, steel or pearl buckles. When the organdy season arrives these outré patterns will be shown developed in horse-shoes, immense diamonds, anchors, and the usual tropical over-growth of Brobdignagian blooms, but all these are offered simply to supply a bizarre eccentricity of fancy which refuses to be satisfied with the plain, lady-like tints dictated by the *haut ton*.

Alpacas are designed with handsome arabesque patterns in *soutache*; French importations also offer poplins with braidings executed by hand and frequently interspersed with velvet lozenges—these, lightened by bugles and cut beads, are novel and desirable. Gay plaids, the Parisian rage during the past Winter, reach us this Spring. Their warm hues and the generally heavy fabrics in which they are presented, are far more fitted to the months of King Frost's reign than the days of "ethereal mildness." Despite this fact, however, we dare predict for them an ardent welcome. They are especially suited for children's and misses' wear. Plaid Cloaks are also announced, to be worn by young people with plain mode-colored alpaca or poplin dresses, the skirts trimmed with a broad plaid band. The stylish mixture of blue and green so fashionable several Winters ago is to be revived, but this plaid is only to be admired when in high-priced goods, as velvet plush or rich poplin; in all others it betrays the real incongruity of the admixture. Promenade suits are fashioned with short rotonds or paletots to match the dress, but as long as America's predilection for trimming is untrammeled by despotic dictation they will be so diversely and strikingly adorned as to avoid the "extreme monotony of toilette" condemned by "Le Follet." The day for extravagant skirt decorations for street wear is happily on the decline; cordings, braids, bias plaid bands and passementerie constituting the chief, and even for at home, dinner and reception dress the same cost is not so much "expressed in fancy" as formerly, thus leaving the whole realm of millinery run mad "to play its fantastic tricks before the high Heaven" of Japonicadom's gaslight festivities. Fleeting as is their hour of triumph, evening dresses are things at which to wonder rather than assault with cool criticism. Eugenie, ignoring the footsteps of Time, beneath whose lightest tread the blooms of beauty wither, affects always the youthful "airy nothings" of tulle drapery, inclosing her imperial form in a snowy film of mazy gauze clouds. At the first, upon one of these marvelous robes, one involuntarily exclaims with Ralph Waldo Emerson: "What quantity!" Do we risk disclosing State secrets by stating that a Parisian modiste confesses to have used in the building of one of these perishable fabrics near *seven hundred yards* of tulle, and gauffered ruchings! One pauses aghast!

Let not the happy ones of the middle millions outside the mystic circle of "Our Set" flatter themselves that they obtain any idea of the ball-room costumes actually worn by the ambitious leaders of ton, by eager study of the fashion-plates of "Le Bon Ton," "Le Follet," the immortal "Godey," or even New-York's especial "Mirror of Fashion": these figures, dazzling though they may be, are in fact only the dim shadows of resplendent realities. The cause of this is that each modiste in preparing for those grand halts in the merry race of the season's gayeties, is forced to compose toilettes for individual requirements, each offering startling and decided effects in the effort to eclipse the last one worn, in novelty, lavishness, and beauty. This tremendous demand upon Fashion's resources must necessitate brilliant combinations and successes too sparkling even to be drawn, printed, colored, and bound between the pages of any Magasin des Modes. White enters largely into their composition, and the most tasteful toilettes are entirely fashioned of tulle: many of these are made with full, overlying bouillonees of the finest maline, presenting a soft confusion of fleecy billows enshrouded in which the wearer floats decked with flowers, feathers, jewels, or butterflies; a late caprice suggested swan's down in conjunction with tulle, producing the effect in the dance of a whirling snow drift. These tulle dresses, rendered costly by the adjunct of rare laces over the puffings, are frequently accompanied by a bright colored silk, satin, or moire tunique, overlaid by white or black lace headed by chicorée, ruchings, garlanded with pendent foliage amid which gleam diamond dewdrops. Some are edged with expensive chenille fringes hung with satin balls; others with a glittering network and white bugles; robes of scarlet satin or velvet have skirts trimmed with folds of white satin, applied in points, Van Dykes or long waves extending *à la tunique* or *en tablier* up the front; each of these folds covered with black lace insertings, edged also with lace—bows or leaves of the same occupying any possible spaces in the pattern.

A late effective toilette consisted of a gold-colored satin, shimmering under flouncings and exquisite *point d'applique*, headed with puffings and ruchings, and looped with scarlet fuchsias and frosted emerald green leaves; the fair head was crowned with the same flowers, while a lace barbe, fastened with diamond *épingles*, floated over the shoulders; jewels, diamonds in invisible settings.

Feathers are frequently employed to festoon the lace of these upper skirts: frosted with powder and mother of pearl, they produce a glittering effect. For a youthful beauty a butterfly dress is in high favor: white or black tulle, covered with these fragile emblems of life's Summer joy.

The snake having been lured from the loneliness of